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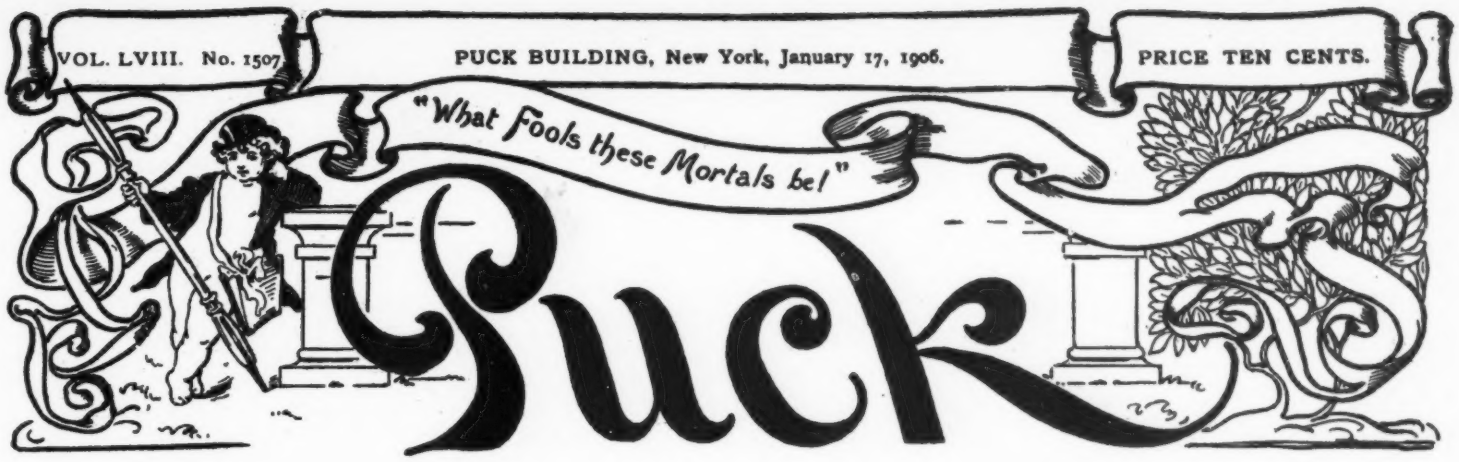

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THE SENATE

STATE HOOD BILL

PURE FOOD BILL

PROGRESSIVE LEGISLATION

BILL

BILL

TARIFF REVISION

R.R. RATE BILL

THE HEADSMAN.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
Publishers and Proprietors
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PUCK
No. 1507. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1906
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Payable in advance.

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

MALBY of Albany says that Depew is "no worse now than when he was elected." Well, we will concede that.

"WE SHALL all live to fly," says Santos Dumont joyfully. But perhaps we don't all care to fly. The airship cranks seem to think that everyone is as crazy about flying as they are.

SENATOR DEPEW insists that he has not heard of a good reason why he should resign. Evidently his family have kept the newspapers away from the old gentleman for the past few months.

WHEN THE Metropolitan Opera House chorus refuses to go on it is called a strike. When a star gets balky, it is announced that Mme. Screamo has a sore throat. And Mme. Screamo, having obtained what she demanded, thinks it outrageous in a $15 a week chorister to harass that dear Herr Conried so.

QUOTH BIG BILL DEVERY: "I must refrain from further statements." Nay, Bill. Let Bingham refrain, let McClellan refrain, let Charles Eliot Norton, Dr. Parkhurst, Robert Fitzsimmons, Hamilton Wright Mabie, and fifty other men whom we might mention refrain — but don't *you* refrain. Continue to amaze us with your wondrous insight and genius for expression.

A PIANO CONCERN advertises that the music box it manufactures is "easy to buy." That is no vision. Easy to buy, but dinged hard to pay for.

CHARLES T. YERKES was another rich man whose death evoked not even the passing tribute of a sigh. He dined always on stalled ox, with a full measure of hatred.

THERE IS nothing at all surprising in the Albany Tax office scandal. Had it been shown conclusively that there was no scandal in the Tax office, even though located in Albany, that *would* have been surprising — genuinely so.

REPRESENTATIVE HILL of Connecticut says that "the honor and dignity and power of this great country are not to be measured by a pound of tea or a five-cent cigar." If Representative Hill of Connecticut does n't watch out, he will find himself impeached and arraigned before a Stand-Pat tribunal, charged with heresy.

IT IS the opinion of Superintendent Hendricks that he should have at least ten more examiners on his staff to conduct a rigid examination into the management of the insurance companies. The most notable feature of Mr. Hendricks' opinions on insurance matters is their utter worthlessness.

DEPRIVED of their railroad passes by the railroad officials, the theatrical men of Chicago have separated the railroad officials from their free theater passes. There can be but one result. The theatrical men will get back their railroad passes from the railroad officials, and the railroad officials will receive once more their free theater passes from the theatrical men.

THE ONLY HUMAN IN THE STY.

FARMER STANDPATTER.—Why don't you eat, you ungrateful little hog? See the nice trough I filled for you!

THE AMERICAN ARTIST.—'Cause I *ain't* a hog, that's why! Lemme out!

POLLY WANTS A DISCOUNT.

When he purchased the parrot he was assured by the man in the birdstore that it was a highly endowed parrot and an excellent talker. Polly lived up to the advance notices.

But what a line of talk! Polly's new owner could make nothing of it. This is a sample: "Squawk! squawk! Polly wants a discount. Max, I gif you my vairdt, I did n't make a dollar oud of it. Two per cent. off for cash — two per cent. off for cash. Vot vill you haf today, Miss Feierbaum, some oysters or clams? Squawk! squawk! Polly vants a discount. Aby, dere is noding in it at der price; der cloth alone costs a dollar and a half a yard. Will you have some Rhine wine, Miss Feierbaum? Max, you are foolish. Keep avay from der stock market. Put your money in a savings bank, und you vill know vere it iss. Squawk! squawk! Polly wants a discount. Pretty Polly! Pretty Polly!"

Polly's perplexed proprietor sought an explanation of the birdstore man. It was simple. Polly had resided previously in a café on lower Broadway, where he had soaked up the intellectually stimulating conversation of the businessmen who gathered daily around the tables near his cage.

In time, it is hoped, Polly will cease to express a yearning for discounts and will evince an interest in crackers. Already his beak is getting back to its natural size.

WHAT THEY CALL IT.

Grandma says we 're right in style,
A-sittin' in our automo-bile.

Grandpa says we 're fit to kill,
A-ridin' in our automo-bill.

Ma, she says we ought to feel
Grateful fer our automo-beel.

Pa says there ain't no other man
Kin run an auto like he can.

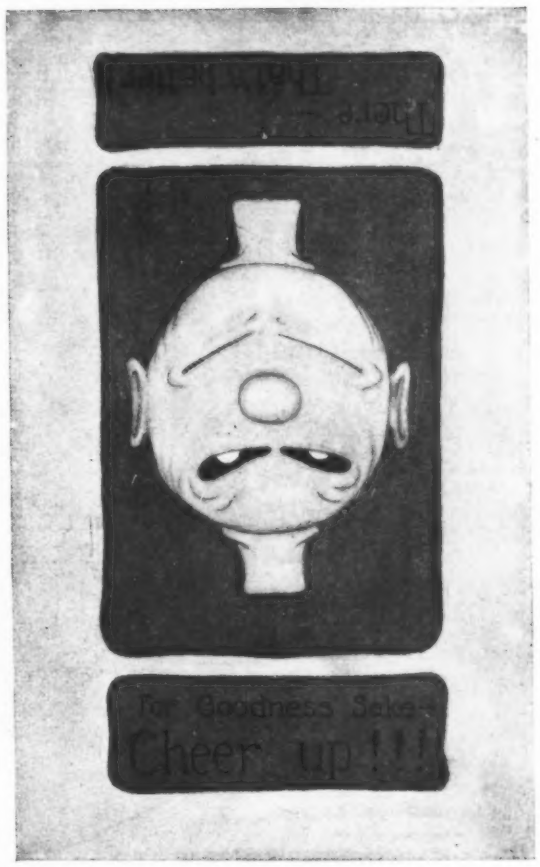
Auntie preaches near and far
'Bout our lovely touring car.

Uncle Bill says he ain't seen
Nowhere such a good machine.

Brother Jim, he keeps a-braggin'
'Bout the speed of our new wagon.

But, oh, it sounds so grand and noble
When sister Sue says automoble.

Ernest W. Raper.



THE LANGUAGE OF GREAT MEN.

[Gen. Theodore A. Bingham, the new Commissioner of Police, took luncheon to-day with District Attorney Jerome.—*News Item.*]

Bingham.—Why, dammitsir, — — — — — — — — !

Jerome.—To come down to cases, — — — — — tough proposition; — — — bunch of hot air.

Bingham.—Sir, — — —; damme, — — —? No, dammitall!

Jerome.—Well, — — — — blokes — — — skiddoo for his. What?

Bingham.—Damme, — — — — dammitsir; — — — notbyadamsite.

Jerome.—Surest thing you know; — — — — — slap in the map — — — push his face in. Yah!

Bingham.—Damdam! — — — — — dammitsir — — — — — — I'll be —! He be —! You be —! Dammitall! Dam-dam-dam-dam-dam-dam-dam!

A SMART SET PROBLEM.

Willie Van Rounder.—Well, my dear, now that we 've agreed on our coming divorce, suppose we decide on who 's to have the custody of the dogs.

AN ADVERTISEMENT
(A. D. 1950).

The American School of Resting.

Art of resting taught by correspondence. No apparatus and no laboratory work necessary by our method.

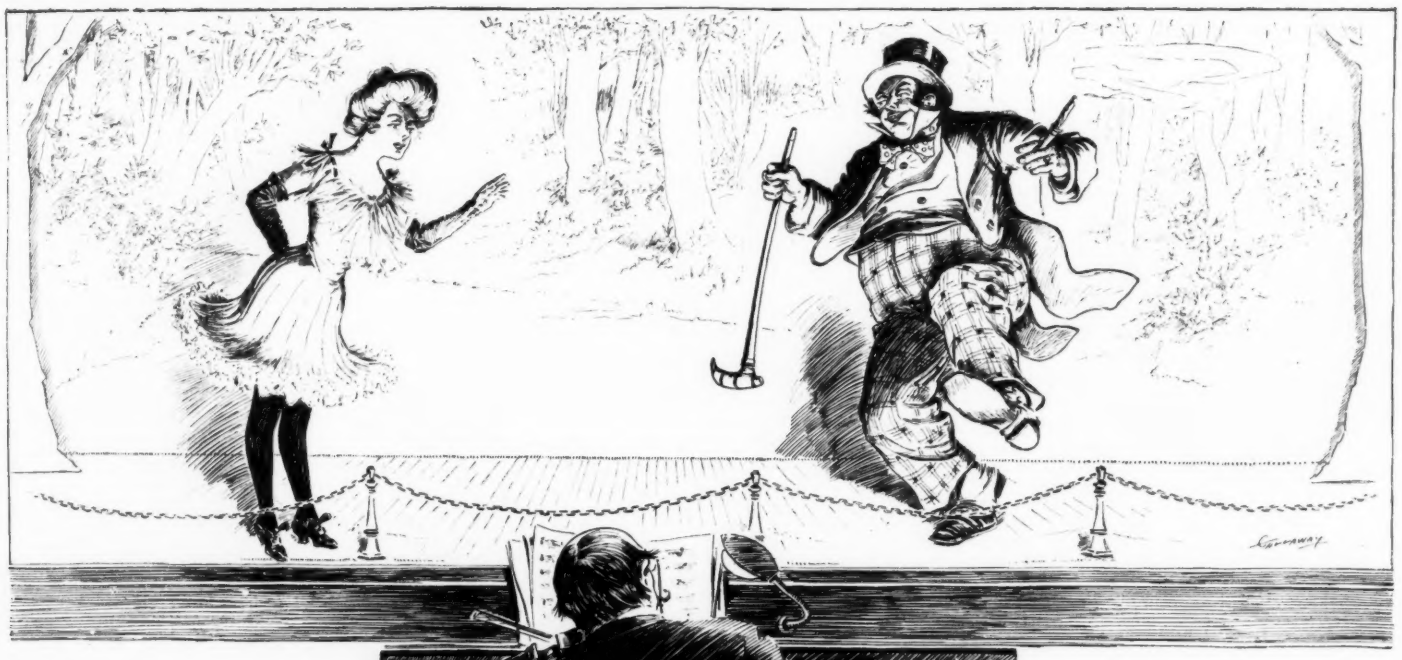
Development of latent and neglected talent a specialty. Stubborn cases of atavistic industry solicited.

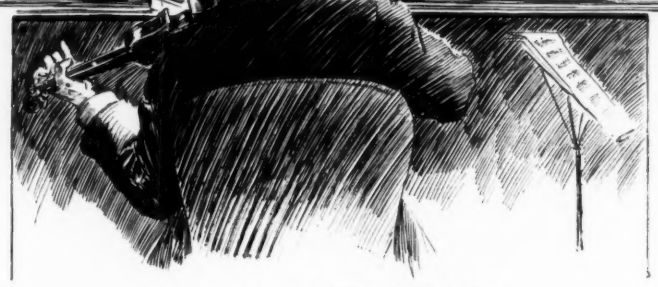
Testimonials and photographs of grateful graduates who have good positions in the leisure class.

More recently, however, those whom the gods would destroy they first afflict with a talkative grouch.

PUCK'S REFINED VAUDEVILLE.

POLLY — THE SHINES — NED.





"I see you 're quite a devotee of Terpsichore."

POLLY. — I wonder why Clarence does not come. Here it is ha'-pas' five and he is not here yet. While waiting for Clarence I will rehearse my little song:

SONG: *Dear Old California! Take Me There!*

I.

A woman she was thinking of
The happy days gone by;
The memories they did bring tears,
Likewise did make her sigh.

Although quite rich and wealthy,
She thought those days upon,
And in the midst of splendor, she
Did sing this little song:

CHORUS.

"Back to dear old California
That is where I 'd like to be to-n-i-i-ight.
Where the sun shines in the valley
Of the lovely Yo-se-mite.
O lovely California,
Though other folks may scorn ye
I love thy pleasant scenes so bright and fair.
My longing is terrific
For that land near the Pacific—
For dear old—Cali-fornia—take—me—there!"

II.

The years have passed and left their trace
On her, so young and fair;
Her face grew wrinkled and likewise
Quite gray became her hair.

Her golden-wedding day it came,
Her husband said: "My dear,
What would you like as a nice gift?"
Then she did say quite clear:

CHORUS. — "Back to dear old California," etc.

[*Enter* NED.]

NED. — Here 's a likely looking cook. I 'll tell her about my girl. *(Nods to orchestra leader, who starts the music.)*

Coming through the for ust,
Upon a summer's day,
I chanced to see,
And she smiled on me,
(Dance during which the music ceases.)
A lady and her name was May.
O my! she was so nice,
(Dance.)
Gold-un hair and —a smiling face.
(Dance.)
She 's so witty, she 's so pretty,
The fines' in the city;
She smiled on me so sweetly
And I love her in the sweet by-and-by.
O my! was n't she a beaut?
(Dance.)
Root-te-toot-te-toot-te-toot-te-root-te-toot-te-toot!
(Dance.)
She 's the neat-ust, she 's the sweet-ust,
She 's also the complet-ust,
She 's the lady who I dearly love,
(Dance.)
And-a this is-a what she said:

(Five minute dance, during which it is never divulged "what she said." Nobody objects to remaining in ignorance.)

POLLY. — I see you 're quite a devotee of Terpsichore.

NED. — Come again.

POLLY. — I enunciated that I observed you was quite a devotee of Terpsichore.

NED. — Nope; I ain't much on that, but I 'm a pretty good dancer.

POLLY. — I got a brother a nelygant dancer.

NED. — Is that so?

POLLY. — Yes; he 's certainly light on his feet.

NED. — Oh, is that the one who danced away with that silverware?

POLLY. — See here, young man, I want you to distinctly understan' that I come from a fine family.

NED. — I bet you come quick, all right.

POLLY *(tapping her foot)*. — Ain't you the clever one?

NED. — Maybe not; but there 's *(looking out into the audience)* 839 people who paid good money to see me to-night.

POLLY. — 838. The stage manager jus' told me somebody passed a lead half-dollar.

NED. — One o' your admirers.

POLLY. — Nope. My friends don't pass nothin'.

NED *(to orchestra leader)*. — Perfesser, a rope in the apartment.

ORCHESTRA LEADER. — What 's that?

NED. — A chord in A-flat. *(Music and)*

Exit Song: THE SHINES.

We have bothered you this evening,
We 're goin' to say good-night,
We 've tried hard to amuse you
With our remarks so bright;
We are chatty, we are happy,
We hope the same of you
And-a with your kind attention, we
Will try to do a step or two.
(Dance.)

[*Exeunt* THE SHINES.]

Franklin P. Adams.

THE INEVITABLE.

PORKAND *(of Chicago, showing friends his new residence).*—Now, what do you think of that for a Looey Quinsy dining-room? I guess them Astor-Astor hotels ain't got nothing on that, eh?

FRIEND *(from New York).*—I should say not! By-the-way, you have n't shown me the library?

PORKAND.—Lib'ry? Wake up, wake up! Why, Carnegie 's made 'em so common, all the best families are cutting 'em out!

SELFISH.

JOEY ESQUIMAUX.—Give me a bite of your seal-blubber.

MADGE ESQUIMAUX.—No, I won't!

JOEY ESQUIMAUX.—All right, you! Did n't I let you drink half when I hooked the lamp out of the mission Sunday-school?

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

"THE Millyards keep house on $10 a week."

"That 's very different. The Millyards can afford to be beggarly. They 've got money to burn. We are poor and if we try to live on less than $50 a week, we shall certainly be ruined."

PRENATAL INFLUENCE.

THE NURSE.—Oh, dear, there he 's repairing it again! And all because the auto broke down when his father was going for the doctor!

KEEN OBSERVER.

BESSIE.—Oh, Tommy! My new baby dolly is almost human! When I squeeze her she begins to cry and when I put her to bed she closes her eyes!

TOMMY.—Huh! She 'd be more human if she closed her eyes when you walk the floor with her and began to cry when you put her to bed!

HABIT.

BROWN.—What is the matter with Jones? He is going around sideways.

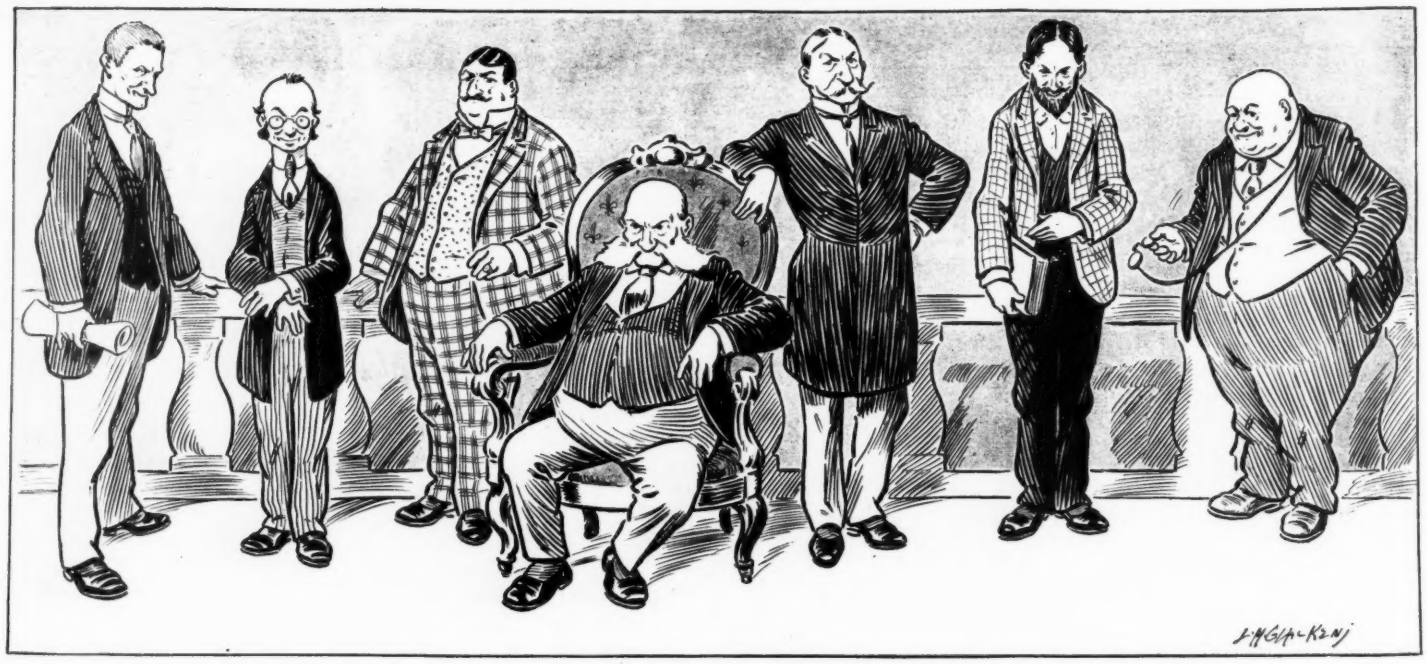
SMITH.—He 's living in a flat now, and got that habit from slipping between the furniture.

THEIR PROPOSITION.

FARMER HONK *(dubiously).*—Well, now, I 've been readin' so much, here of late, about the way this 'ere life insurance business is managed that I 'd know—

SUAVE AGENT *(briskly).*—Possibly some companies have dealt unfairly with their policy holders, but it is different with the one which I represent. We propose to take your money, use it as we see fit, and at the end of twenty years return to you absolutely intact whatever is left of it. And I 'll just bet you ten dollars, sir, that we do it every time!

KEEPING COMPANY.



SUGGESTED FACULTY FOR SOME ENTERPRISING "BIG BUSINESS" COLLEGE.

THE HEIGHT OF FAME.

THE gifted actress toiled for years,
To win undying fame,
But in the chorus tarried she,
With Ethyl, Fanne and Mayme;
When programme makers thought of her,
They merely jotted down
A line, in tiny agate type:
A Page - - - - - - - - - - - Amanda Brown.

Success is for the ones who strive—
This person scored a hit,
And she, in fleshlings, o'er the stage
No longer had to flit;
Above the gaudy play-house door,
In bright electric light,
Blazed forth the lady's name like this:

But greater triumphs were in store:
A week went swiftly past,
And then, one evening she exclaimed:
"Oh joy, here 's fame at last!"
For she beheld another sign,
Of incandescent stars,
Which urged the passing throng to

Charles R. Barnes.

THE SLUGGARD.

THERE used to be, in the revered Second Reader of my early school days, a vigorous denunciation of the Sluggard, accompanied by a portrait of the subject with his countenance sagged open until it was practically naught but a cavernous yawn surrounded by a border of sloth. To make the Sluggard's degradation the more complete the vindictive author of the treatise had taken the matter into poetry; and you can do some powerfully effective lambasting in verse—poetic license allows so much latitude for elaboration, you know.

The youthful reader was exhorted never to become a sluggard. He might aspire to be a missionary or a knight, or go prowling about 'midst snows and ices with banners bearing strange devices, or even to become President of the United States, if nothing else would do him, but no right-minded boy could ever desire to become a sluggard.

The lesson sank deep into my half-baked mind, and for a good while I thought pretty hard things about the Sluggard. But with the passing years and the loss of many of my illusions, I have come to regard him with a certain measure of respect if not admiration. It is true that he is nearly always called "Bill" and very seldom has anything on his mind but his pipe. He is forever going to accomplish something of importance after a while but is just now too busy doing nothing to attend to it. It is generally the case, too, that he has a houseful of children; and he invariably belongs to all the lodges he can ooze into and is Worshipful High Dabity-Kack of at least three of them. By that time the installment-plan octopus has eaten the cabinet organ up bodily, the mortgage has grasped the house by the throat, and the appendix of the Sluggard's raiment drags on the ground and obliterates the footprints he ought to be making on the sands of time. But marriage is a lottery, anyhow, children are gifts from heaven, and laziness is the original sin; and no doubt a great many of the rest of us would be equally as paltry if the talented authors of Second Readers were everlastingly writing scurrillous poetry about us, to be read and recited by generation after generation of them that hate us.

And, honestly, now, it seems to me that there is another and extenuating side to the question. The hustler leaps before he looks, and then has to call for help; the procrastinator looks before he leaps, and is very likely to discover that there is no necessity for leaping at all. The Sluggard lets other people read the popular novels first and thus saves his mind. He lends less money, too, and consequently loses less. He is so dilatory about taking up the fashionable fads that he has very little to be ashamed of afterwards. Therefore, for these and sundry other reasons, the Sluggard, while he is not wholly admirable, is at least tolerably comfortable; and that goes quite a distance in this hard old world, where life is full of mournful numbers and things are not what they seem. It is the early bird, anyhow, that gets caught by the worm.

Tom P. Morgan.

THAT 'S ALL.

THE THIRSTY CUSTOMER.—It used to be "All you can drink for a nickel." Why this hedging, Monk?

THE DRUGGIST.—Nothing; only a caravan camel dropped in this morning and laid in a week's supply for five cents.

DISILLUSIONIZED.

It was his hope from boyhood's hour
To be a scribe some day;
He 'd read about the mighty power
The fourth estaters sway.
He longed to drive a stylus free,
As he would oft confess,
And thought he 'd greatly like to be
Connected with the press.

Within newspaperdom's great wheels
At last he forms a cog;
Upon the jump he takes his meals
And hustles like a dog
At twenty bones per week, I wis,
And you can safely guess
He wishes now that he were dis-
Connected with the press.

Will S. Adkins.

A TIP.

VISITOR.—What is Willie doing in his base ball suit?

MOTHER.—Why, he has his spiked shoes on and we 're using him as a carpet stretcher. Now, Willie ——

AN ABLE DEFENCE.

"Hut, tut, Brudder Squallop!" chidingly said good old Parson Bagster, addressing one of his parishioners whom he had observed emerging through a swinging door, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "I am proselyted wid sorror to see yo comin' out'n a saloon in dat auspicious mannuh!"

"Well-uh, it 's dis-uh-way, Pahson," replied the culprit. "I was a-feelin' pow'ful blue and mogger, and wid a gropin' pain in muh abandon and a strange lucidity in muh head, and I slid in dar to git a dram o' consolation, dat 's all. And yo' knows yo'se'f, sah, dat dar am times when it do 'pear like—"

"Yassah! Yassah! And when one o' dem 'casions arises yo' has de greatest of all consolations right at yo' hand if only yo' will dess stretch fo'th and take it. In times o' tribberlation, whudder philosophical or menial, take yo' troubles to de Lawd, muh urrin' brudder; take yo' troubles to de Lawd, and—"

"Dat 's all right, sah, dut it would n't work dis time. De Lawd has been busy for de last three days and nights, uh-settin' up wid good old Aunt Miasma Jurdan, dat 's a heap mo' deservin' dan I is, and is right on de p'int o' passin' over to de udder shore but is kinder lingerin' along like old folks will, yo' know; well, as de Lawd was too busy to pesticate wid me, I was dess nacherly compulsated to turn to de bartendah, who had mo' spar' time on his hands."

UP TO NATURE.

FIRST ARTIST.—Get any ideas, old man?

SECOND ARTIST.—Well, I guess, yes. Got a bang-up sketch of a cyclone in action.

"What in thunder can you do with a cyclone?"

"Do with it? What do you suppose? I 'm going to use it for the hair in my new portrait of the American girl."

NEWS.

I red in a stowry bowt a tigur with a turbul grate maw thats like kullyferd hopkins maw she waghes 300 a maw an a mummer is the same i red in a stowry this was a nuther stowry bowt a band of mummers whut wandurd from plais to plase they must of ben after bargins mummers is grate after barguns only my mummer she downt wandur when shes after barguns she just hot foots you kan bet i downt spose the band of mummers was a bras band maws is turbul when they maik gell and the gell wont gell then they ur turbul but i downt bleve no tigurs maw maiks gell and it must of ben sumpin els she was turbul bowt.

"—— Slide!!!"

Had They Been Born Sooner.—V.

YE KNIGHT OF YE BIGGE STICK.

Don't cry over spilt milk. Console yourself with the thought that it may have been watered.

Provide her with pleasing sights about the house.

Engage an Irish Sketch Team for every Thursday evening.

And remember, when you bring her home, that the first i

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

HOW TO KEEP A SERVANT GIRL — AND KEE

Supply her with the melodies she loves.

home, that the first impression is everything.

She is city bred, so disturb not her slumber with rural stillness.

AND KEEP HER SATISFIED — IN THE COUNTRY.

PROMISES.

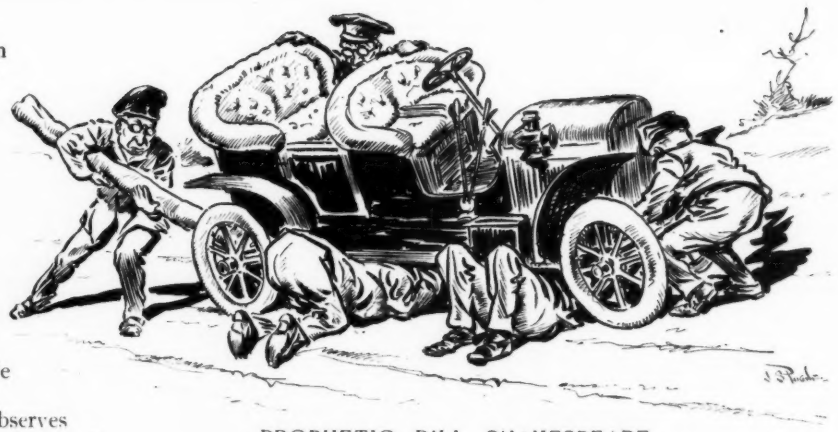
It is altogether likely that men promise too much when they woo. Americans, especially, overdo about everything.

But, on the other hand, it is not always easy to decide when enough has been promised. A man is misled sometimes. The poets tell us that men's promises are like pie-crust, and everybody knows that no two women have the same capacity for pie-crust. There are plenty of women, too, who, although they have had enough, will, out of sheer vanity, or because the pie-crust melts in their mouth, go on and let themselves be stuffed with it.

If a man promises less than enough to win a woman, he is an iceberg. If he promises more than enough, he is a knave. If he tries to be shrewd and steer a safe middle course, he is a lobster.

It is no fault of the woman, however. When she observes how easily a man makes a fool of himself, it is only natural for her to conclude that she can make a fool of him any time she likes, and that she is therefore perfectly safe in marrying him.

Finally, man simply born of woman, is by that token of few days and full of trouble. Where he goes and marries a woman, besides, why, it stands to reason he will be more so.



PROPHETIC BILL SHAKESPEARE.

"Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble."

SENTIMENT.

Graughter (*reverently*).—It may be silly sentiment, but that twenty dollar note in the frame there I've kept for thirty years. It was the first secret rebate I got in my business.

HIS VIEWPOINT.

Little Willie.—Papa, what is a bigamist?

Mr. Hennypeck.—A bigamist, my son, is a—*Shs-s-s-s-s!* Is that your Mama coming up the street? No, I see it is n't. Well, a bigamist is a benefactor who prevents at least one of his fellow-men from marrying.

THE RULING PASSION.

Old Stoxanbons.—Are you sure that you can no longer control the thing?

His Chauffeur.—Yes, sir. I 'm afraid it will get away from me very soon.

Old Stoxanbons.—Then for heaven's sake run into something cheap!

SONNET TO A STACK OF WHEATS.

Ah, toothsome viand on my breakfast plate,
With sirup ("Pure Vermont") all slathered o'er,
What joy to see a stack of ten or more,
Hot, steaming, thin, my appetite to sate!
Unkind, indeed, that the strange thing called Fate
Has not placed thy inventor to the fore
Within the Hall of Fame. To thus ignore
Thy name is slighting one that 's truly great.

But never mind—whoe'er thou art or where,
Alive or dead, thy memory will live
Adown the ages, past the fleeting years—
'T will rev'renced be assuredly with care
So long as Bridget ne'er forgets to give
Our morning stack that fills us up and cheers!

Will F. Griffin.

TERMS.

The Soubrette.—You say you 're not on speaking terms with the manager?

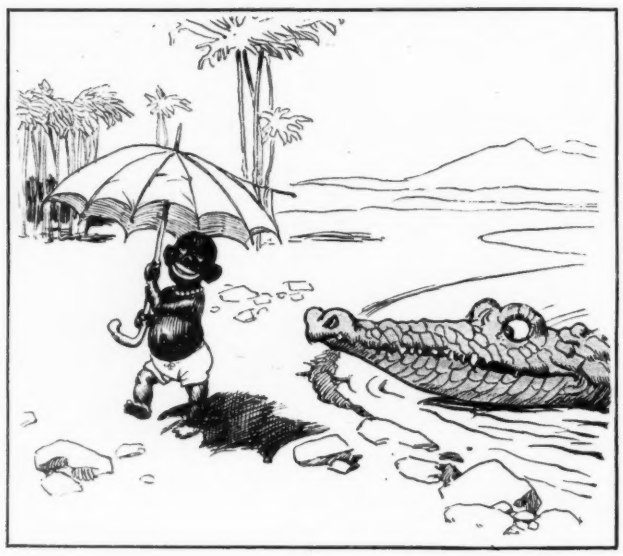
The Comedian.—Precisely. I always require a written contract.

FAST.

"Is this a fast color?" asked the man who wanted three pairs of socks for a quarter.

"Sir," replied the salesperson, blandly, "that color is so fast that if it should start to run it would inevitably be arrested for exceeding the speed limit."

THE STEEL ROD UMBRELLA AND THE GATOR THAT PUT IT DOWN.



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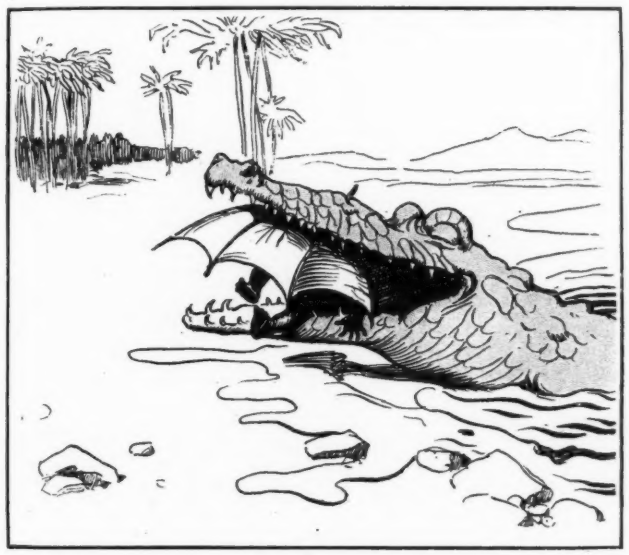

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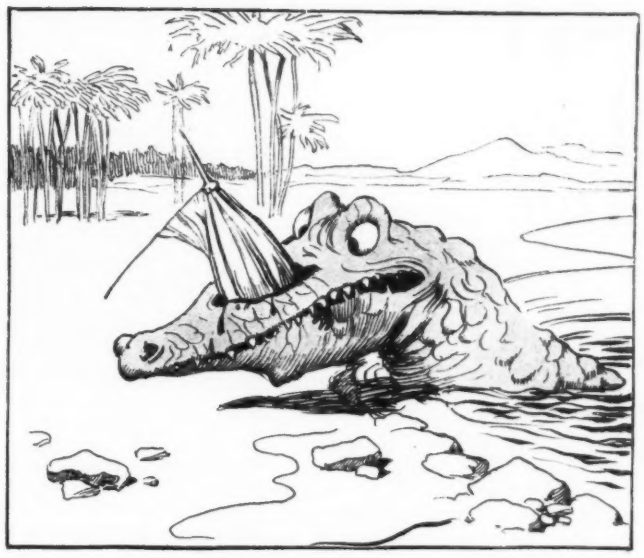

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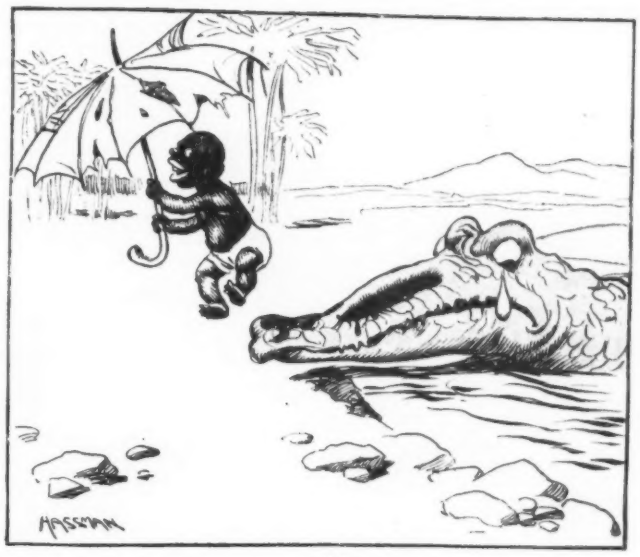


IV.

THE ORTHODOX GUEST.

"I HAVE invited a clergyman to dinner, my dear."

Mrs. Dimpleton turned sharply and gazed at her husband in astonishment.

"What!" she exclaimed. "You must be joking. When is he coming?"

"This afternoon. May be here any time. That 's why I came home a little earlier. You remember who he is—Mr. Penstock, the Presbyterian divine we met at that mountain resort two summers ago."

"Oh, yes. The one who was so very strict and orthodox, and all that. My dear, what can you mean? It makes me uncomfortable to think about it."

Dimpleton smiled.

"Don't worry," he replied. "He'll have to take us as he finds us."

"But how shall we treat him? Oh dear, those bridge counters are in plain sight on the front parlor table. I must hide them at once. And you know we are not used to having grace said. I 'm sure the children may do something awful! You 're always doing queer things! Why it was n't long ago that you brought home an actor—and now a clergyman. What shall we do with him? What shall we talk about?"

Dimpleton laughed outright.

"Now, my dear girl," he replied, "don't get into a panic. No clergyman is ever treated like an ordinary person. Everybody deceives them. Just let us be honest with him and with ourselves. There! there 's the bell now."

A card was brought up. Dimpleton hastened down to greet his guest while Mrs. Dimpleton went down the back stairs to complete the preparations for the dinner.

Dimpleton grasped Mr. Penstock cordially by the hand.

"Hello, old chap! Deuced glad to see you. Wife will be here in just a moment. Come right in."

They talked for five minutes. Then Mrs. Dimpleton appeared and relieved her husband who went into the dining-room and made three cocktails. In a few moments they appeared on a tray.

"Old man, have a cocktail."

"Never took one in my life."

"Never mind. Do it now. You 're among friends."

Mr. Penstock hesitated. He blushed. Then with a mighty effort he gulped down the contents of his glass.

Dinner was announced. As they sat down Mrs. Dimpleton looked significantly at her husband. Almost imperceptibly he shook his head, at the same moment taking up his napkin. Mr. Penstock followed suit. There was no grace said that evening.

Dimpleton plunged at once into the stirring details of a prize-fight he had recently seen, in spite of Mrs. Dimpleton's horrified look. Then they talked of politics, books and bridge. At last theology was mentioned.

"Don't care a hang about it," said Dimpleton, turning to his guest. "Do you?"

"No, I don't! I 've gotten over the controversial period."

"Good! Here 's to you!"

Coffee and cigars were passed around and for half-an-hour the two men, in a cloud of smoke, sat and talked in Dimpleton's den.

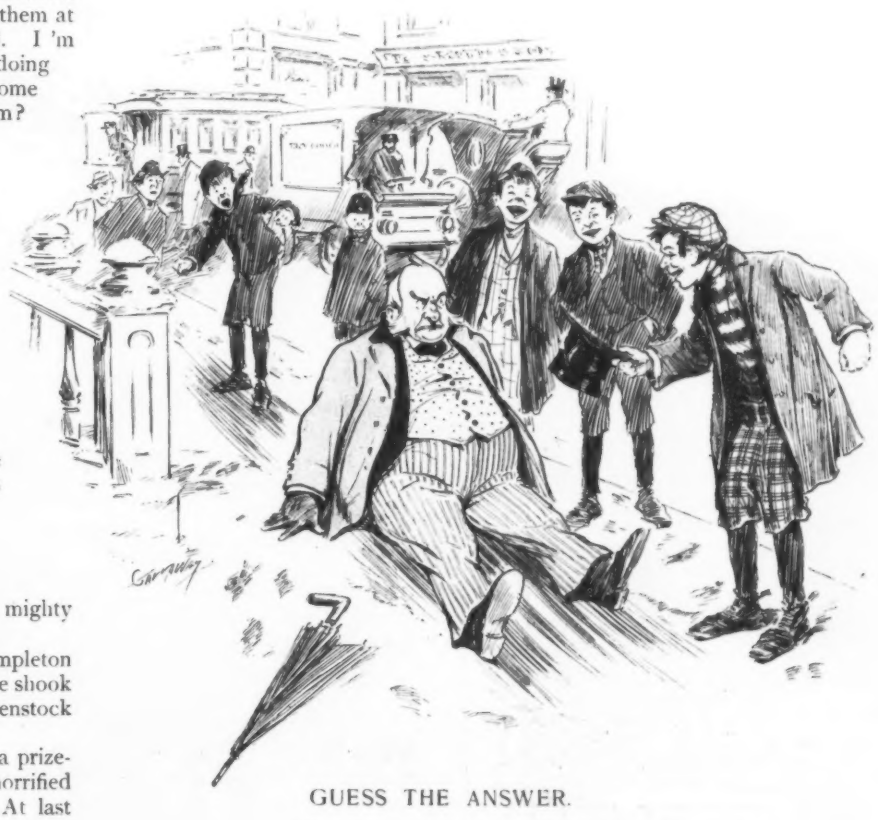
Two hours later Mr. Penstock rose to go.

As he stood in the hall, prepared to shake hands around, Mrs. Dimpleton, her face filled with anxiety, said:

"I 'm afraid, Mr. Penstock, we 've shocked you terribly. But, really, we are not so bad as we seem."

Penstock wiped away a tear.

"Shocked me!" he exclaimed. "My dear friends, I don't know when I 've enjoyed myself so much. Why, for the first time in years I 've been treated like a human being."



GUESS THE ANSWER.

"IS DIS YOUR HAT, MISTER?"

Undoubtedly it pays to be honest, but sometimes collections are a bit slow.

HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE

THE
WHISKEY
OF
REFINED
TASTE

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish
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lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

WILSON
That's All!

THAT LITTLE WORD "TOO."

NELL.—Oh! he's a gay Lothario. He tries to flirt with all the pretty girls in our street.

BELLE.—I've seen him trying to flirt with you, too.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

WE'RE so close to the other world, if you'll just listen, in the still hours of life, you can hear the footsteps of the angels.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

IT is not likely that the victorious candidate for the New York speakership will have sufficient egotism to claim much credit for the result.—*Washington Star.*

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

BLEECKER.—Are you to be long in town?
TIPMAN.—Well, I tried to be, but the market went short.

The day after, you need Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Braces the nerves; sustains you throughout the day, and makes you feel bright and cheerful. At druggists.

MY HEART.

My heart, it was a silver flute
With keys of gold and ivory;
My heart, it was a silver flute
A-throb with melody.

My heart, it was a silver flute
Whereon thy lips they blew;
My heart, it was a silver flute,
Thy lips they were not true.

My heart, it was a silver flute
That piped a sacred vow;
My heart, it was a silver flute,
And it is broken now.
—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A WOMAN'S SECRET.

SHE.—How do you know her engagement is a secret?
HE.—Why, because, all the women are talking about it!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

MEANTIME the more ingenious minds of the Senate are devoting a large proportion of their time to inventing safety devices for that railroad-rate regulation legislation.—*Indianapolis News.*

McILHENNY'S
Tabasco Sauce

Adds tastiness to food, encourages the appetite, and promotes digestion. But be sure it's McIlhenny's, the original, in use half a century. A stimulating seasoning for Soups, Sauces, Salads, Gravies, Oysters, Clams, Fish, Roasts, etc.
Booklet of Recipes on request.
McILHENNY'S TABASCO. New Iberia, La.

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at this season is
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Has Stood The Test of Time

and won universal popular approval. Oldest and most famous in the world. Best for all uses. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

GRAND PRIZE Highest Award
St. Louis World's Fair.

A SAD OMISSION.

How sad it is to stop and think
That in the days of Adam
They could n't hang their stockings up
Because they never had 'em!
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

JAPAN admits that she may owe China $20,000,000 for rent of Manchuria, and intimates that she will give China credit for that amount on the bill of $120,000,000 due Japan for saving Manchuria from Russia.—*Washington Post.*

THERE is talk of another "fight" between pugilists "Kid" McCoy and "Gentleman Jim" Corbett. It will probably resolve itself into an oratorical contest; but we shall not complain if never a blow is struck.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

ALWAYS ON DECK.

When the "unexpected happens,"
As it 's bound to do, you know,
It finds somebody waiting
To shout, "I told you so."
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

NOT SO BAD.

REDD.—Did the Captain lose his head during the football game?

GREENE.—No, only an ear.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

MAN loveth a cheerful giver.—*Detroit Free Press.*

COMMISSIONER GARFIELD says the beef trust is too big for any one State to handle. Still, the beef trust is on the list of protected "infant industries."—*Washington Post.*

THE new mayor of Boston says that he will give the city an administration that will be approved by his friends. Nothing rash about that promise.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

MR. MCCALL said he would make good the large amounts handed over to "Andy" Hamilton if the "judge" did n't return the money. McCall has, however, been careful to explain that he is a poor man and has nothing but the policy on his own life.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Pears'

Pears' Soap is not medicated: just good, pure soap. Contains no free alkali to injure the delicate texture of the skin. Matchless for the complexion.

Established in 1789.

Perfection In Pipe Tobacco

Thousands of pipe tobaccos that have gone before have all contributed to the perfection of this matchless blend. Their shortcomings have been avoided—their good qualities improved.

All the qualities smokers desire in pipe tobacco have never before been combined in *one* blend. When a mixture was mild it was also flat; when it had proper fragrance it was too strong; when it was rich it was likewise rank; when it smoked easily it burned the tongue. In this new blend.

VAN BIBBER
Sliced Plug Pipe Tobacco

all the good qualities of other pipe tobaccos are noticeable by their improvement—all the defects by their absence.

Its most striking characteristic is its delicious mildness—mild but, at the same time, rich, mellow and fragrant. It is more convenient to handle than long or fine cuts or ordinary plug cuts.

As it is a new blend it may not be on sale everywhere *yet*. If your dealer hasn't it,

Send 10c. for a Full-size Box to Dept. "P."

The American Tobacco Company
111 Fifth Avenue, New York

DEFENCELESS.

CLARENCE KINKBY.—Ain't seen nothin' o' Mose Johnsing lately Anythin' done happen to him, huh?

G WASHINGTON COLE.—Yessah, Mose done sufferin' from a fit ob absentmindedness; he came around to de club las' week wif only a safety razor.

If you need a bracer in the morning try a glass of soda and a little of Abbott's Angostura Bitters. You'll be surprised how it will brighten you up.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Crowbars come under the head of straight goods.

A model husband is n't always a satisfactory model.

Wings of riches are used mostly for outward flights.

Many a man's better half has separated him from his last quarter.

No man should attempt to command until he has learned to obey.

After running to weeds the pretty widow reaches for orange blossoms.—*Chicago Daily News.*

AN IMPRESSION.

"After all," said the transcendentalist, "what is art?"

"I don't know exactly," answered Mr. Cumrox, "but in a general way I should say it was most anything that cost you more than two dollars a seat to look at."—*Washington Star.*

THE Keeley Cure

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Sold by all Clubs, Hotels and Prominent Dealers

NESTOR GIANACLIS CO., BOSTON, MASS.

ONE EXCEPTION.

SUFFRAGE LEADER. — You don't seem the least worried about the fact that women are crowding out men in every profession.

SANDY PIKES.— No, mum. Dey 'll never crowd men out in de tramp profession, mum.— *Columbns Dispatch.*

A QUESTION OF WINGS.

"You reckon we 'll have wings in de hereafter?"

"Don't ax me 'bout no wings ter come! Ef we kin des fly high enough in dis worl' ter keep cl'ar er trouble, we 'll be all right!" — *Atlanta Constitution.*

THE FIRST JOKE.

"They say women have no sense of humor. Do you believe it?"

"Mercy, no! Think how Eve must have laughed when she heard Adam had blamed it on to the serpent!" —*Detroit Free Press.*

STILL, there are no upholstered seats on the water wagon.— *Wash. Post.*

FOR THEM.

"They say Washington is fearfully hot in summer."

"There are a few senators willing to testify that it 's a good deal hotter in winter!" — *Detroit Free Press.*

EVERY country town thinks its audiences are "very critical." – *Washington Democrat.*

YEAST. — Is he behind with his tailor?

CRIMSONBEAK. — No; he 's three suits ahead, I believe.— *Yonkers Statesman.*

?

If Evans' Ale Does so much Good for others Why Delay?

Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants, Saloons and Dealers Everywhere.

NOT THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.

"I saw you talking with Buncomb a few minutes ago. Did you strike him for the ten he owes you?"

"Naw! As soon as he saw me he grabbed my hand and wished me a happy new year. I did n't have the nerve!"— *Detroit Free Press.*

THE President may be able to suppress hazing at Annapolis, but he is going to have a time suppressing it in the senate. — *Washington Post.*

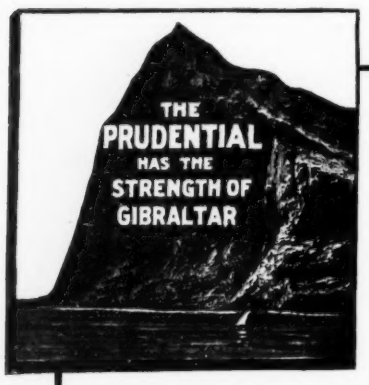
Liquid Sunshine.

"THE BEST IN THE HOUSE"

Garrick Club

Rye Whiskey

Alfred E. Norris & Co., Proprietors. Philadelphia



YOU may be so well and strong that the thought of the necessity for Life Insurance hardly ever crosses your mind. But it should occur to you, upon reflection, that life insurance is not obtainable after a man's health is seriously impaired and when his days are clearly numbered. Now when a man *can* save a little money year by year without feeling it, when he *can* lay up a substantial fund against the day of his departure,— when this protection for his family *is* possible and even very easy, what would be your estimate of him if they should be left penniless?

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Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive, free, particulars and rates of Policies.

For $..... Age.....

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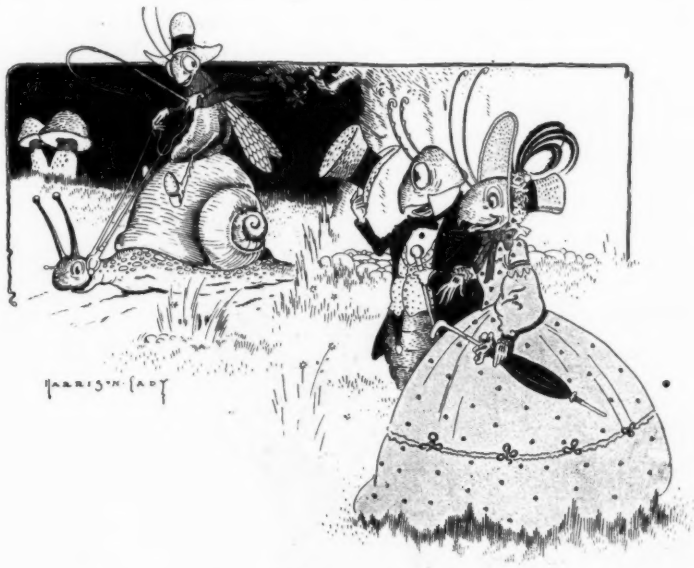

AN ENTHUSIAST.

MRS. CITIBUGGE.— Farmer Creepy goes in for riding quite a bit, doesn't he?

MR. CITIBUGGE.— Yes, indeed. That 's his newest snail pacer he is training now.

COOK'S Imperial Extra dry CHAMPAGNE

granted highest award over all makes at the World's Fair. Foreign Champagnes cost twice as much because they are obliged to pay duty and ship freight on them.

SERVED EVERYWHERE

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THREE STAR WHISKEY

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and imprisonment for not more than two years is imposed by the United States on any person who shall **re-use** or **refill** a bottle of our Rye or Bourbon Whiskey **without removing and destroying the United States Treasury Department's Green Stamp.**

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is bottled in its pure, honest, natural state according to the law passed by U. S. Congress and signed by the President (March 3d, 1897). The U. S. Treasury Dept's Green Stamp seals every bottle of Sunny Brook which proves that it is bottled and sealed under the direct supervision of Gov't Officials. Sunny Brook is the only Whiskey awarded Grand Prize and Gold Medal at St. Louis World's Fair. For sale everywhere.

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How the Mighty Have—Huh!

Oh, Skip,
You who 've with rising lip
Your fierce teeth shown to bristling bears,
Must now
You, or else make a row,
Help Archie chase Virginia hares!
—*Indianapolis News.*

Also a Reformer.

"Dey 're sendin' a lot o' grafters to jail," remarked Meandering Mike.

"I 'm glad of it," answered Plodding Pete. "If dis high-class patronage keeps comin' in maybe de wardens will wake up an' improve de accommodations."—*Washington Star.*

A Missouri judge has sentenced a man to fourteen days in jail for calling him a peach. There seems to be no limit to Chauncey Depew's unpopularity these days.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Supreme After-Dinner Cordial

LIQUEUR EAGLETTE

An especially fine American product, acknowledged by connoisseurs to be unequalled here or abroad. As a delicious aid to digestion, and a cordial of delightful flavor, it is without a rival. A fitting finale to any feast.

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Miller's HIGH LIFE

Beer - Milwaukee

Sure Remedy.

Complete repose, the doctor said,
Would put him at his best;
And so he ceased to advertise
And got the needed rest.
—*Woman's Home Companion.*

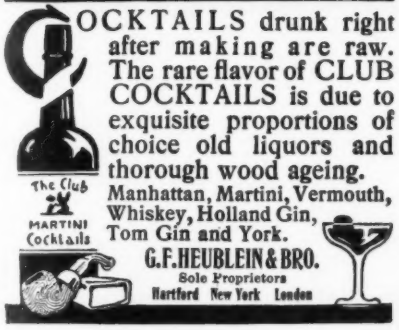
An Uncomfortable Chair.

"It cost Blank a fortune to get into a seat on the New York stock exchange."

"That is n't the worst of it; it cost him three fortunes to get out of it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt need have no fear that the people of the South will throw eggs at her, as did the Canadians. Can't afford it.—*Washington Post.*

COCKTAILS drunk right after making are raw. The rare flavor of CLUB COCKTAILS is due to exquisite proportions of choice old liquors and thorough wood ageing.



Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Sole Proprietors
Hartford New York London

Man-Like.

"Oh, Ma, I hurt my head," said he.
"And did you cry?" asked mother.
"There wa'n't nobody there, so I
Did not," said little brother.
—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

ALAS!

Uncle Dudley.—Well, Willie, are you still using your new diary?
Willie.—Sure! I 'm keepin' an account of all I win playin' craps.

GOLD SEAL

America's Favorite Champagne.

Possesses all the delicious qualities of the best French wines at one-HALF the cost of the imported product

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Witte certainly has nerve if he goes up and draws his salary regularly these days.—*Chicago Daily News.*

A bill has been introduced in congress providing that persons receiving rebates from railroads may be compelled to pay the government twice the amount of such rebates. The bill should go further and tell how to catch up with the rebaters.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

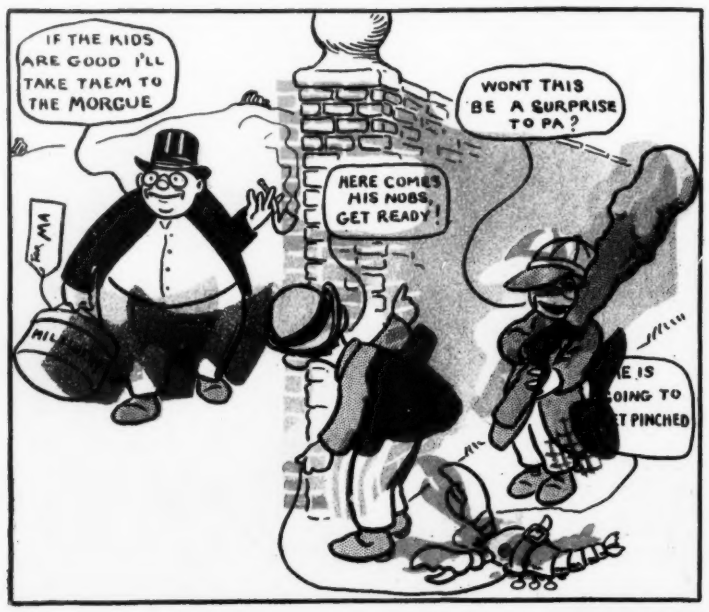
The Heathen.

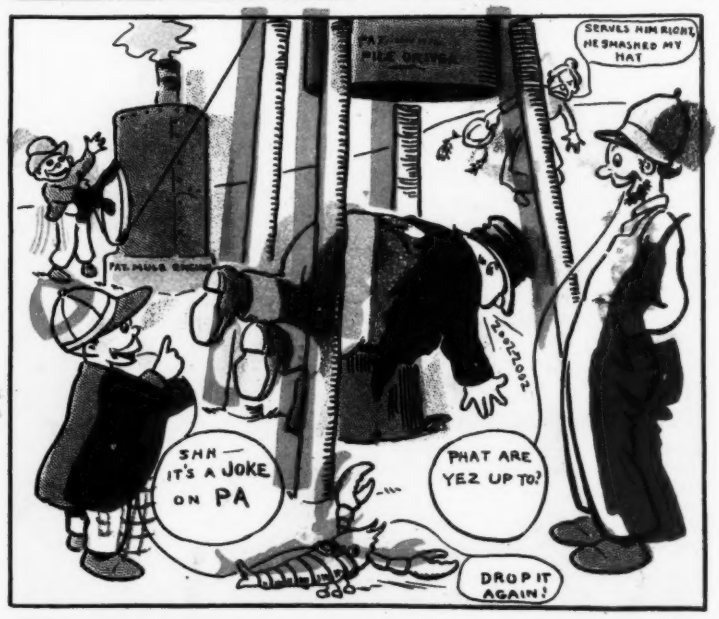
We send de heathen broadcloth;
He say, "De goodness knows,
I wants a big umbreller,
En mighty little cloze!"
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

And still the wonder grows that those Chicago banks should fail and make all this bother when there was no occasion for it.—*Clevel. Plain Dealer.*

Puck's Sunday Supplement.

THE SLAPSTICK KIDS AND THEIR PURPLE PA.





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